

Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 6.

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NO. 9.

FRENCH DECLARATION OF WAR.

THE picture which we give herewith is that of scenes which were witnessed in the streets of Paris on the evening and night of the day on which the declaration of war was made by France against Prussia. This declaration was made on the 15th of July, 1870. When the declaration was proclaimed in the Senate, the utmost enthusiasm prevailed in the Chamber. The "grave and reverend" senators rose to their feet, and shouted for France and the Empire. They rejoiced over the certain defeat of the Prussians as though the work had been accomplished. All that day and the night succeeding, the Parisians—men and boys—paraded the streets, singing with great force and enthusiasm the Marseillaise—the national war song—

and crying "Death to the Prussians!" The streets were lighted with torches carried by thousands in almost endless processions, and Paris seemed almost mad with joy. They dreamed of nothing but conquest. In imagination they saw the Prussians conquered and prostrate at their feet, and fully expected that their armies would soon bring the proud King of Prussia to terms and compel him to sue for peace. If their armies did not reach Berlin, they would, at least, they expected, reclaim the provinces on the Rhine and extend the frontiers of France in that direction.

But how dreadfully were they mistaken! A few short weeks had only passed when their Emperor and some of his principal officers and armies were prisoners in the hands of those same Prussians, whom they hoped to whip so easily! France itself lay almost helpless at the mercy of the hated Prussian. In vain their frantic struggles. The Prussians were too strong for them. They whipped them in one battle after another, until the whole nation was in despair. When these events transpired then they saw what foolish people they had been. In-

stead of parading the streets with torches, as we see in the engraving they did, they had greater reason to go forth with cries and lamentations at the prospect of the bloody and fatal war upon which they were entering. Could they have foreseen the terrible scenes through which they would be called to pass, in consequence of this war, the loss of life, the bloodshed, the misery and sorrow and the dreadful train of evils which followed its declaration, instead of rejoicing, they would have mourned; instead of being proud, they would have been humble; instead of thinking of what they would do to the Prussians, they would have been filled with fear and dread of what the Prussians would do to them. But from the Emperor down the nation

was drunken with pride. They thought their armies could not be conquered. They had the best and most skillful generals, the bravest and best drilled troops, the finest artillery and the most thoroughly equipped armies. These were their opinions about themselves and their nation. Their haughtiness and pride were very great. It was a terrible blow to them, therefore, when they found



that in all these respects they were far inferior to the Prussians. It almost crushed them.

The Emperor Napoleon must either have been terribly ignorant of the condition of his empire and armies and of the strength and perfection of the Prussians' preparations, or reckless of all consequences. Some have thought that he was forced into this war by his knowledge of the plans of the Prussians. These persons think that the Prussians were getting ready all the time for war, that they were only waiting for an opportunity to commence it, and that Napoleon had found this out, and hoped, by declaring war, to get the start of them. Whether this was so or not, one thing is now plain—the Prussians were well prepared

for the contest. They were in the best fighting trim, and they must have astonished Napoleon and his generals with the terrible blows which they gave them. The French have proved that

"Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

KINDNESS, TOWARD THE HUMBLEST, IS NEVER LOST.

LILLIU Burrit illustrates this maxim with the following story:

A poor, coarse-featured old woman lived on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railway, where it passes through a wild, unpeopled district of Western Virginia. She was a widow, with only one daughter, living with her in a log hut, near a deep precipitous gorge, crossed by the railway bridge. Here she contrived to support themselves by raising and selling poultry and eggs, adding berries in their season, and other little articles for the market. She had to make a long weary walk of many miles to a town where she could sell her basket of produce. The railway passed by her cabin to this town; but the ride would cost too much of the profits of her small sales, so she trudged on generally to the market on foot. The conductor came finally to notice her walking by the side of the line or between the rails; and, being a good-natured, benevolent man, he would often give her a ride to and fro without charge. The enginemen and brakemen were also good to the old woman, and felt they were not wronging the interests of the railway company by giving her these free rides. And soon an accident occurred that proved that they were quite right in this view of the matter.

In the wild month of March, the rain descended and the mountains sent down their rolling, roaring torrents of melted snow and ice into this gorge, near the old woman's hut. The flood arose with the darkness of the night, until she heard the crush of the railway bridge, as it was swept from its abutments, and dashed its broken timbers against the craggy sides of the precipice on either side. It was nearly midnight. The rain fell in a flood, and the darkness was deep and howling with the storm. In another half-hour the express train would be due. What could she do to warn it against the awful destruction it was approaching? She had hardly a whole tallow-candle in her house; and no light she could make of tallow or oil, if she had it, would live a moment in that tempest of wind and rain. Not a moment was to be lost; and her thought was equal to the moment. She cut the cord of her only bedstead, and shouldered the dry posts, side-pieces, and head-pieces. Her daughter followed her with their two wooden chairs. Up the steep embankment they climbed, and piled all their household furniture upon the line a few rods before the black, awful chasm, gurgling with the roaring flood. The distant rumbling of the train came upon them just as they had fired the well-dried combustibles. The pile blazed up into the night, throwing its red, swelling, booming light a long way up the track. In fifteen minutes it would begin to wane, and she could not revive it with green, wet wood. The thunder of the train grew louder. It was within five miles of the fire. Would they see it in time? They might not put on the brakes soon enough. Awful thought! She tore her red flannel gown from her in a moment, and, tying it to the end of a stick, ran up the track, waving it in both hands, while her daughter swung round her head a blazing chair-post a little before. The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled at the old woman's feet. The great, red eye of the engine burst upon her as it came round a curve. Like a huge, sharp-sighted lion coming suddenly upon a fire, it sent forth a thrilling roar, that filled all the wild heights and ravines

around. The train was at full speed; but the brakemen wrestled at their leverage with all the strength of desperation.

The wheels ground along on the heated rails slower and slower, until the engine stepped at the decaying fire. It still blazed enough to show them the beetling edge of the black abyss into which the train and all its passengers would have plunged, and into a death and destruction too horrible to think of, had it not been for the old woman's signal. They did not stop to thank her first for the deliverance. The conductor knelt down by the side of the engine; the engine driver and the brakemen came and knelt down by him; all the passengers came and knelt down by them; and there, in the expiring light of the burnt-out pile, in the rain and wind, they thanked God for the salvation of their lives. All in a line the kneelers and prayers sent up into the dark heavens such a midnight voice of thanksgiving as never ascended from them before to Him who seeth in darkness as well as in secret.

Kindness is in the music of good-will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

THE WORD OF WISDOM.

Read before a meeting of the 13th Ward Young Ladies' Co-operative Retrenchment Association.

I recollect reading an article in the *Millennial Star* which commences as follows, "The Word of Wisdom—was it given to be observed or not?" I have often thought upon this subject and marvelled that so many of the Saints did not obey it.

Some seem to think that the Lord is not in earnest when he declares such and such things are not good for man. I believe that our heavenly Father knows better than any human being, what is best for us, and that the Word of Wisdom is, as He says, "adapted to the capacity of the Saints."

Some say they cannot work without tea. They seem to forget that strength is promised those who will respect the Word of Wisdom. Others say they think if they do nothing worse than drink tea, coffee &c., they are safe. Perhaps they are; yet it seems to me, if we keep all other requirements and neglect this one, we shall lack just so much of living "by every word which proceedeth from the mouth of God." I may be called enthusiastic on this subject, but I feel justified by the teachings of those in authority.

Some are in the habit of excusing themselves for not keeping certain commandments because others violate them; but certainly, the wrong doings of others can never justify us in doing wrong. By our own deeds we shall be judged. O that we could all realize this! If we look at home—within ourselves, and purify our own thoughts and feelings, our time may be well employed.

I do wish I could impress upon the mind of each of my young sisters, as I feel it, the importance of keeping the Word of Wisdom. It grieves me to see those who have relinquished the use of "hot drinks," yielding again to their appetites. To some it may seem a trifling matter, but in my estimation it is quite the reverse. Our President, in one of his sermons, said that those who would not observe this Word, would eventually lose the spirit, and apostatize. We would hardly think this credible, but we must remember that it is always a neglect of some duty that leads to apostasy. If we always strive to keep the commandments of God as far as made known to us, we shall ever be happy, and feel that we have claim on the Lord for His blessings. Let us prove to God that to us, the Word of Wisdom was not given in vain.

MARY FREEZE.

ONE of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

(Continued.)

WE found the opposition to the gospel was very great in this place, so I started in company with another young Elder to go to the interior of the Island to commence our labors preaching the gospel. When we came to a city called Camden, forty miles from Sidney, we concluded to try to get a place to preach in. We were refused all public houses that we asked for. Finally we tried to get the privilege of stopping at a public house or tavern all night. We told the landlord that we were missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and we were traveling without purse or scrip, according to the pattern that Jesus had left on record in the Bible. The landlord asked us if we were Mormons. We said that we were called that name by the world. After talking some time with him he ordered us out of his house, and told some drunken Irishmen to run us out of the town and he would give them a gallon of rum each. It was now after dark, and we went down one of the streets and called at a large boot and shoe shop. The owner said that he would keep us, and we were having a good discussion on the principles of the gospel when a rough voice called to the master of the place, and said,

"Are you going to keep them d---d Mormons here all night."

We looked towards the door and saw there a mob of drunken men, armed with native war clubs, spears, and the boomerang. The boomerang is a weapon that the natives formerly fought with.

I said to my companion we must get out of here.

He replied, "how shall we do it without getting hurt?"

I said to him that God had not sent us here to be killed in this manner, and if we will now trust wholly on the Lord, he will deliver us.

I had not more than got these words out of my mouth when the owner of the house caught the same spirit as the mob, and said to us, "get out of my house, or I will kill you," and at the same time struck at my partner with a hammer, but missed him as he sprang to one side.

The mob said, "drive them out, and we will use them up in a hurry."

I picked up my carpet bag and umbrella and went to the door with a prayerful heart to God that he would protect us, and I walked out between many of them. It appeared that they did not see me, or they did not notice me. The mob was arranged on both sides of the door, with their weapons drawn ready to strike at the first sight of us, and as my partner came out the leader of the band called the attention of his men to give some instructions how to deal with us and thus he slipped past them unseen. I took him by the arm and we started down the street. In the darkness of the night they could not see us. About this time the owner of the house came to the door, and they asked him where the Mormons were. He replied that they had gone out just that minute. They said they knew better, for, said they, they have not passed us, and you had better bring them out or we will knock your house down. At that they broke into the house, and, not finding us, they took the master and journeymen out, and beat them almost to death.

In this deliverance we see the prediction of President Heber C. Kimball fulfilled; for he said that I should be brought into many close places, and it would seem that death stared us in the face; but if I would be faithful to my mission, the angels of God would deliver me in all trials, and I should return in safety to the Church and to my home. In all of my travels on that Island for two years and a half I found that when there was a good work to be done in a city, we met with the greatest opposition; for in this same city, in which we received such cruel treatment, we afterwards preached and baptized and organized a branch of the Church with many members.

We next went to a city called Picton, and by this time the

Lord had made us bold to declare His gospel, for such light had burst upon our minds as we had never thought of before; and by this time I had learned to read and write, and had learned arithmetic very well. We applied for the Court house and obtained it from the judge of the district. We appointed a meeting for Friday evening, and we then put up some cards stating the time of meeting. At the time appointed the people assembled and filled the house. For two days my companion had been marking passages in the Bible, and on this occasion he was intending to deliver a fine discourse. The meeting was opened and he arose, took his text and commenced with great importance. He had not spoken more than five minutes when he got to the end of his sermon, for he could not say more than amen. Then I was introduced to the congregation as Elder Potter, with the remark that I would continue the subject of the gospel. I arose with fear and trembling, for it was the first time in my life that I had stood in a pulpit. Before me laid a large marginal Bible and prayer book. I must say that my mind was confused, but I took a text from the Bible that lay open before me. It was from the Prophet Amos:

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets."

After reading it I spoke a few more words and became dumb that I could not speak. I stood there without speaking about two minutes when the words of President Heber C. Kimball came to me. He said that the time would come when I should be at a loss to know what to say to the people, and at that time, he said, if you will commence to declare the divine mission of Joseph Smith in this our day, and the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon, the Lord will loose your tongue and you shall say the very things that is needful to be said to the people. When this came to my mind I commenced declaring these things to the congregation, I had spoken but a few minutes when I thought I saw several lines of large letters printed on the walls of the house, and I commenced to read them, and spoke about one hour. When the letters faded from my sight I then stopped speaking. I could not tell all that I had said, but my companion told me it was an excellent discourse. When meeting was dismissed the judge came to us and said if we wanted the court house again we could have it; so we gave notice that we would preach at that place on Sunday evening next. The next day we went through the city and talked with many of the people, and when Sunday evening came we lighted the chandeliers in the house, went up into the pulpit and sat and read the scriptures. The time arrived for the people to gather but not a soul came. We waited half an hour, sung a hymn, and dedicated the house for meeting. We still waited; but as no one came we locked up the house and went to our lodgings.

Payson,

AMASA POTTER.

(To be continued.)

COOL BRAVERY.—CHARLES XII., King of Sweden, was a remarkably brave man. One day when he was dictating letters to his secretary, a bomb fell through the roof, and into the next room of the house where they were sitting. The secretary, terrified lest the house should be blown down upon them, dropped his pen out of his hand.

"What is the matter?" asked the king calmly. "Ah! sire, the bomb," stammered the secretary. "And what has the bomb got to do with what I am dictating to you?" said the king. "Continue."

"MIND your own business." Do you know what this business is, each day and hour? It is to "keep the heart with all diligence." It is to "do good as we have opportunity." It is to grow in true knowledge and grace. It is to endeavor to make the most of ourselves, and of this brief life that God has given us. It is to put just as much of the truly good and useful into this life as we can. This is business we must all mind.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1871.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



WHEN men forsake God and seek for no revelation from him, there is no telling to what depths of folly they will reach. They will indulge in the most absurd fancies, and imagine they are correct. You cannot imagine, children, how much valuable time is spent, by what are called in the world wise men, advancing their theories and other so called wise men disputing them. Thousands of books are written for and against theories of this kind, after reading which many people have less idea of the truth than they had before they read them. This is vain philosophy; and yet it is the philosophy the world has always indulged in when they reject God. How much easier it would be for a man to seek unto God, who is the fountain of all knowledge, and obtain revelation from him. A few words from him, through His Holy Spirit, would set at rest many of the disputes in which they indulge; but this does not suit them, and they go on groping in darkness and spending their lives in doubt.

Two volumes have just been published in the East which were written by an English philosopher named Darwin. He tries to prove in these books that men are descended from monkeys, and he has got many learned men to believe that this is the case. Did you ever hear of such folly! What an idea men must have of themselves when they think of their forefathers being such creatures as we see in our Menagerie! Yet this is the wisdom of the world! Any man who thinks that he would like to have a monkey for an ancestor is welcome to the thought; but to us, such an idea is revolting. It is a great comfort for Latter-day Saints to know that they are descended from God, that He is their Father, and that if they are faithful, they will be like Him, and dwell with Him eternally. It is a great consolation also to know that we can be baptized for our dead friends, who died in ignorance of the gospel, and that they can be saved with us, until the whole race, from the present generation back to the days of our father Adam, will be united. There is something godlike in this reflection; a very different thought to what it would be if we imagined that after we had gone back a certain number of generations, we would gradually reach a tribe of monkeys.

We should be very thankful to the Lord for the knowledge which he has revealed unto us. We are not left in doubt or uncertainty, but everything necessary for our happiness and eternal salvation is revealed unto us, and we can obtain knowledge through the means which God has appointed. In relation to vain philosophy, Paul warned the Saints when he was upon the earth, to

"Beware, lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world."

The same warning is necessary in these days.

ONE of our youthful friends, who resides at Harrisburg, in "Dixie," has forwarded us a nice colored picture of a man, in military uniform, on horse-back. With the exception of a want

of proportion in some parts of the animal, it is exceedingly well executed, and we think that a boy who can draw such a specimen as is forwarded to us, has talent, and is capable of far greater efforts if he persevere. In forwarding it to us, he calls us the "Child's Friend," a title which we should certainly be proud to merit, and says that he shows his gratitude by drawing, painting and sending to us the picture. We thank him for it; and hope he will continue to cultivate his gift.

THE use of Tobacco is largely on the increase in the United States. Statistics show that it is consumed at the rate of about seven and a half pounds per annum for every man, woman and child. This is a very large amount. Doctors who have examined the causes of insanity say, that it is frequently produced by the influence of tobacco. They have made careful investigations and have come to the conclusion that with the increase of the use of tobacco, there is an increase of insane persons, and the increase of insanity is progressing in the same proportion as the increase of the use of tobacco. You might imagine that in countries where this is known its use would be checked; but this is not so. Even where these statements are most widely published the use of tobacco has increased at an alarming rate, and it is hard to tell where it will stop. We hope that in Utah Territory there will be a people found who will never use this vile stuff, and that our boys and young men especially will shun it as they would poison. There is not a doubt but that it injures the brain. No man who uses it has the same power to think and exercise his brain as those do who are free from the habit of chewing and smoking it.

CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

Father above,
Thou God of love,
To thee I give
Thanks that I live,
All through the night
Thill broad day light,
Thou hast me kept
While I have slept.

On this new day,
To thee I pray;
Be thou my guide,
Walk by my side,
My eyes direct,
My ears protect,
From words and scenes
Thy word condemns.

My tongue restrain
From words profane;
My hands and feet
Both guide and keep.
And at sunset,
Let no regret
Of misspent time
O, Lord be mine.

Still let me share
Thy tender care,
And at life's end
To Thee ascend.
For this I plead
And all I need
Thro' Christ, my Lord,
The Son of God.

Amen.

G. R.

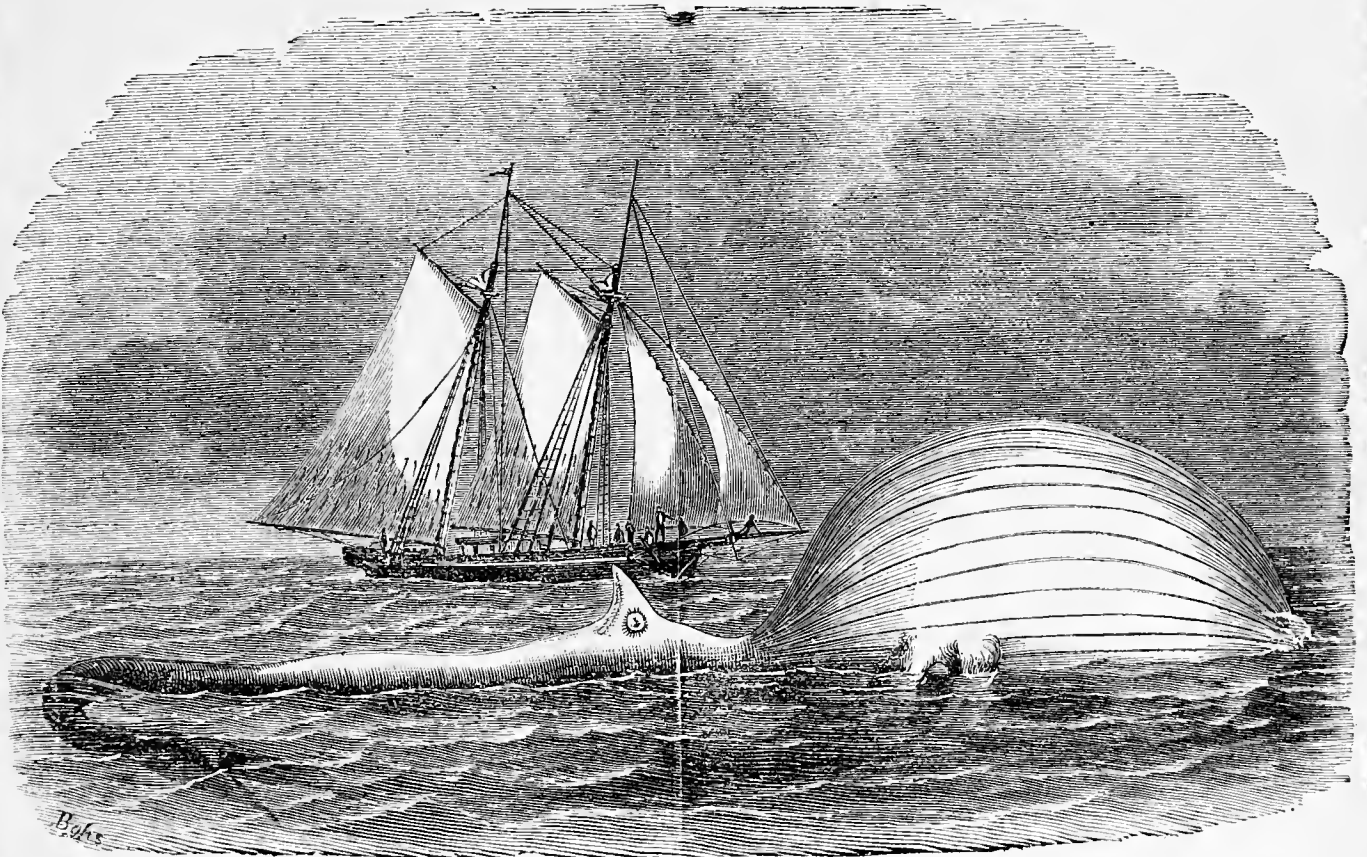
The Bible allows no slovenliness in business. The gospel encourages invention, promotes refinement, suggests method, insists upon order, promptness, regularity, good humor, good manners, and good living.

A SEA MONSTER.

ON the 12th of March, of last year, Captain Slocom, of the schooner *Saladin*, (which vessel he had cleared on the 9th, at Jacmel, Hayti, laden with copper), while in latitude 36.04 N., and longitude 75.01 W., descried, to the eastward, an object which he at first supposed was the wreck of a small vessel. Altering his course, which was N. N. W., he ran down to the assumed wreck. It lay about five miles distant.

"At 7.30 a. m."—at 6 a. m. the object was first seen, the weather at the time being murky—he writes in his log-book, "I came up with it, and, to my astonishment, it proved to be a large and vicious-looking sea-monster, such as I had never seen or heard of at any time. The body appeared to be about forty feet long, and the tail about sixty feet, with forked ends—each fork about four feet long. It had two feet, or fins, not unlike those of a sea-turtle. The creature stood about twelve feet out

in length, and a tail of sixty feet. But the most curious feature of the monster was an immense body of hard gristle matter twelve feet in height, forty feet in width, with the same length, which was entirely void within, forming a large bladder-shaped balloon, which, filled with air, buoyed the serpent on the water, and seemed to be an agent whereby it could keep the surface. This oval buoy had regular ridges, running from the apex head—for this bladder preceded the body of the fish—to where it joined the main body. These ridges extended fore and aft, at intervals of four inches, with a regular height of two inches, and gave to the surface the appearance of the network of a balloon. The bladder portion was elastic, and yielded to the movements of the sea, and was two inches thick, but of a hard, dense, impenetrable character that would resist knife or bullet. On each side of this floating dome were two heavy paddles,



of water, and was fully forty feet in breadth. Its shape was oval, and it had ridges running fore and aft, of about four inches wide, and, I should judge, two inches deep. It had a white back and brown sides, and, at the time I neared it, was moving through the water at the rate of two miles an hour. The body seemed to have been inflated with air, and looked very much like a balloon half submerged. The crew, which I had called from their bunks, stood, with myself, on the starboard side of the vessel, the second mate going aloft, and witnessed the monster for upward of an hour, or until she permitted the balloon to gradually collapse and then sink in the depths."

The *New York Herald*, a few days subsequent to the arrival at that port of the *Saladin*, gave an account furnished by Captain Slocom of the strange fish, from which we take the subjoined:

"It was now in plain sight, with every portion clearly visible. Its size was very accurately measured, and the serpent was found to be one hundred feet long, with a body forty feet

each five feet long, by which the monster made progress. This part described may all be considered as one of the most surprising wonders of the fish world. The fish proper, which was but an appendage tailed on to this blown-up bladder, consisted of a heavy fishy substance, with brown sides, and about ten feet from the dome were two eyes, one on either side of a large horn. From this point the fish tapered off to a forked tail. Captain Slocom says the forks of the tail stood horizontally in the water, but submerged four feet, the rest of the monster sitting lightly on the ocean wave.

The engraving gives a very excellent idea of the appearance of this monster. Some day we may have it in our power to give a description, and probably an engraving, of the monsters which are said to be in Bear Lake. Brethren and sisters, whose word we would believe upon any other subject, are confident that they have seen monsters there. We have not heard of late of their being seen. But it may be that some person will yet succeed in capturing one of them, if they really exist.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Chemistry of Common Things.

CINNABAR NO. 2.

SOMETIMES minute globules of quicksilver are seen by the lens, dispersed through the sulphide of that metal (Cinnabar); this is called "native quicksilver." This metal is called "Hydrargyrum" hence the symbol Hg, for mercury. This word signifies "liquid quicksilver," or, more literally water-silver. This metal has been known from the remotest ages, and the mode of reducing the ores of the metal was understood. The brilliancy and beauty of vermilion caused it to find a place among the most valued pigments, and, to this day "Chinese vermilion" is greatly prized. But now-a-days, chemistry has brought about changes of the most extraordinary character in producing colors, refuse material from the gas factories of large cities has been utilized; and even guano, a species of manure, has been pressed into the service of man, to give up its coloring principles, which rival in beauty and transparency the tints of the rainbow! It may be mentioned that generally those colors manufactured from gas-tar refuse, are called "coal tar colors," although they have specific names, which frequently convey no idea of the color. Thus there is the 'Magenta,' so named in honor of a celebrated battle, is a well known "crimson" dye, which a battle may well be suggestive of. Then there is a very fine rose purple color, that may be toned down to the most lovely violet hue, which is known as "Mauve," and another named "Azuline," that gives an intense sapphire blue. These, and a very large number of colors, all useful for dyeing woollen and other textile fabrics, are prepared from the tarry oils produced by the destructive distillation of coal.

But Cinnabar is not now important merely as a pigment, to a great extent, although it is still used for that purpose in large quantities. It is certain that the ancient Indians of this continent used this ore for that purpose. A gentleman connected with the celebrated "Abnaden" mine of California, states that a large hole some thirty feet deep, had been worked in ancient times, undoubtedly to procure the pigment. Some of the robes made by the Sioux Indians were embellished with vermilion, procured in this manner, or from other deposits of Cinnabar.

There is likely to be a greater demand for quicksilver than ever, not merely to silver our mirrors, for medical and philosophical purposes, but for working the precious metals. Should large mines be found and the business of manufacturing quicksilver from the ore be carried on extensively it will greatly add to our wealth, for industry is associated with the mining of this metal. The very minute particles of gold that are disseminated through our rocks cannot be recovered without quicksilver. The processes of amalgamation cannot be described here at length; the principle of all of them is to dissolve out the precious metals in mercury for which they have great affinity. In this way an amalgam, or alloy is formed from which the gold is recovered.

It is to be hoped that those who may be engaged in mining for the ores of mercury will be guarded against the effluvia which so generally arises from mercury. It is so easy to be deceived in the belief that no such noxious vapor arises because the senses do not take cognizance of it. Should any indications of 'Salivation' be perceived it may be considered certain that the vapor of mercury is doing its deadly work. By salivation is meant a state in which the mouth is affected in such a manner that the teeth become loosened, the gums swollen, violent pains in the face and jaws with nervous tremblings. This does not arise from the cinnabar, but from the presence of "free" mercury, dispersed through the ore. It is said that to prevent

the vapor of the metal from passing into the stomach, the miners of Spain keep a piece of gold in the mouth, this may to a limited extent serve the purpose, but it will not prevent the absorption of the vapors by the myriad pores of the skin. It will be well therefore, to correctly understand the action of mercury, for it is said, free metal is seen in some of our ores.

BETH.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued.)

AFTER landing at Liverpool, President Young and the other Elders, his companions, took rail to Preston, the town in England where the gospel had been first proclaimed by the servants of God in this dispensation. On the 14th he met in Council with six of the Twelve, namely, Heber C. Kimball, P. P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, John Taylor, Willford Woodruff, and George A. Smith. This was the first Council held by a majority of the quorum of the Twelve in a foreign land. After the apostasy of some of the Apostles, at Kirtland, several Elders were designated in a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph at Far West, July 8, 1838, to be ordained to that office, among others named was Elder Willard Richards. He was one of the Elders who accompanied Brother Heber C. Kimball to England when the gospel was first carried there. He remained in that country when Brothers Kimball and Hyde returned home. At this council of which we speak he was ordained to the office of an Apostle, and received into the quorum of the Twelve by unanimous vote. At the same council Brother Brigham was chosen standing President of the Twelve by unanimous vote.

On June 1st, 1840, Brother Brigham and Brother Heber C. Kimball met with some Saints at Liverpool, who were about to sail for America, and organized the company; and on the sixth of that month that company sailed for the land of Zion. There were forty-one souls in all, and they were the first fruits from a foreign land—the pioneers of a mighty host which shall be gathered from all nations to swell the ranks of the redeemed. The United States and Canada had contributed souls to strengthen and build up the work of God; but now the Apostles, having the keys and authority to open the gospel to foreign nations, had crossed the ocean, and Europe had commenced to yield her sons and daughters in response to the glad tidings of salvation which were proclaimed on her shores. Elder John Moon was appointed President of the company.

To show how much advantage it is to the Elders in building up the Church of God to have the spirit of revelation, we will relate an incident which occurred at Manchester. President Young had organized the priesthood in Manchester to meet every Sabbath morning and distribute themselves throughout the city to preach in the streets. In this way they occupied about forty preaching stations, at each one of which the people were notified of the regular meetings which were held in Carpenter's Hall. This so annoyed the sectarians, particularly the Methodists, that they made complaints to the Mayor, who issued an order to have all street preachers arrested. President Young went to the priesthood meeting the next Sunday morning, and felt impressed to tell the brethren to go home. The police, obedient to their instructions, arrested all the street preachers they could find that morning, about twenty in number, who, however, all proved to be Methodists. When the magistrate learned they were not "Mormons" they were dismissed. The trap was set for the Elders, but through the spirit of revelation in President Young, they escaped, while those who had been instrumental in preparing it were caught in it. This incident clearly exhibits the value of revelation from the Lord to guide His servants and to enable them to escape the snares of the wicked.

The following extract from a sermon delivered by President Young at the recent conference in this city, gives a full and very clear summary of the work which he and his brethren the Apostles accomplished while on this English mission. The facts are stated in so concise and forcible a manner that the extract will be read with interest. He said:

"I will give you a little of my experience when on my English mission. When I landed in Liverpool I had seventy-five cents, and with that I bought me a hat. I had worn, on my journey to England, a little cap that my wife had made me out of a pair of pantaloons that I could not wear any longer. We stayed in Liverpool one year and sixteen days, and during that time we baptized between eight and nine thousand persons, printed five thousand Books of Mormon, three thousand hymn books, over sixty thousand tracts that we gave to the people and the 'Millennial Star,' established a mission in London, Edinburgh, and I do not know but in a hundred other places, and we sustained ourselves. Who was there on that mission I mean among the missionaries, that had a coat or cloak that I did not pay for? I transacted the business myself, and we paid every dime. We got money from the brethren and sisters and paid them up. Besides doing this, we fed family after family; and I never allowed myself to go down to the printing office without putting my hand in the drawer and taking out as many coppers as I could hold, so that I might throw them to beggars without being stopped by them on the road. Did we borrow that which we did not pay? No. Did we beg? No. The brethren and sisters, and especially the sisters, would urge us to come and eat with them. I would try to beg off; but that would not do, it would hurt their feelings, we must go and eat their food, while they would starve to procure it. I was always ashamed of this; but I invariably had a sixpence to give them. How much had I given to me? One sister, who now lives in Payson, gave me a sovereign and a pair of stockings; and when I came away, a hatter, by the name of Miller, sent two hats by me to my little boys. The sisters, when I first went to Liverpool, made up a little contribution and got me a pair of pantaloons. I was not in the habit of begging, but I said to them 'when my trowsers are a little ridiculous, I guess you will know it, won't you?' and they gave me a pair of pantaloons, otherwise I do not think I received one farthing. I might have received a shilling or two from others, but I do not recollect. When we left we sent over a shipload of the brethren and sisters, a good many of whose fares we paid. When I went into Liverpool I do not think I could have got trusted a sixpence if I had gone into every store and shop in the place. When we came away a certain Captain wanted to bring us over, and said he 'Are you ready?' 'No.' 'How long must I wait for you?' 'Eight days;' and they tied up one of the finest vessels in the harbor of Liverpool in order to bring us over. I thought this was a miracle, don't you? I am sure there are some sisters now here who came with us in that vessel. I received that as a miracle. It was the hand of God."

[To be continued.]

AS the oak, growing in the open field, continually beaten by the tempest, fits and fortifies itself for the coming blasts by growing near the earth and striking deep its roots, becomes its own protector, so the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character to which he could not otherwise have attained.

A popular writer says: It is as absurd to spend one's life in hoarding up millions of wealth, which the possessor can never enjoy, as it would be to collect and lay up in a storehouse 60,000 mahogany chairs which were never intended to be used for the furniture of apartments, or 80,000 pairs of trowsers which were never intended to be worn,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

TO-day we have a few words to say touching the life and character of one of the greatest men America has produced; great as a patriot, great as a statesman, great as a philosopher, and great as a virtuous, good and wise man in his every day life. We refer to Benjamin Franklin, once the printer's apprentice, then the philosopher whose fame spread to the ends of the earth; at first the associate of the poor and humble, afterwards the honored companion of Kings. A man who rose step by step from the lowliest beginnings through his own untiring exertions, to be the arbiter of nations and the friend of the greatest and noblest of the age in which he lived.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston on the 17th of January, 1706. He was the youngest of seventeen children, and was at first designed for a minister, but his father was not rich enough to provide him with what was considered the necessary education to enable him to preach to the people, so he went to work with his father, who was a tallow chandler. But cutting wicks for candles, filling moulds, running errands and similar drudgery did not suit young Benjamin, and after one or two changes he was apprenticed to his brother James, a printer. This suited his tastes exactly. He borrowed all the books he could get hold of, and denied himself all luxuries, many pleasures, and even some of what others esteemed the necessities of



life, so that he might purchase books with which to appease his uncontrollable desire for knowledge. From reading he took to writing; his first composition being a few verses of poetry. He soon, however, turned his attention to writing on political subjects, and as his brother published a newspaper, his first effort in that direction was addressed to him as the editor. He, however, wrote in a disguised hand, and without informing any one of its authorship, and was highly delighted to hear his efforts ascribed to the leading writers of the city. But Benjamin could not keep his secret, and at last told his brother. This had the unfortunate effect of making his brother jealous, a good deal of unhappiness resulted, James treated him with great unkindness, and the two brothers ceased to be friends. At last, young Franklin's situation became unbearable, and he abruptly left Boston and started secretly for New York. He was unable to obtain employment in that city, so he passed on to Philadelphia, where he arrived hungry, sore-footed and travel-stained. One of the first things he did on his arrival was to purchase three rolls, one of which he placed under each arm while he ate the third. He made this meal while walking through the streets of the city, and washed the bread down with a draught of water from the river. Noticing many well-dressed people all going in one direction, he followed them, and was led into

a Quaker meeting-house. He sat down, but feeling so tired and weary he fell asleep until the meeting being over some one awoke him.

After some difficulty he obtained work at a printer's, and was soon brought to the favorable notice of the Governor of the province, under whose patronage he went to England with the intention of there obtaining aid to start a newspaper in Philadelphia. On arriving in London he found to his horror and dismay that the letters of credit given him by the Governor were worthless. He had again to search for employment, which he soon obtained, still he did not remain long in England, but returned to Philadelphia, where soon afterwards he undertook the management of a newspaper.

We will here relate an anecdote characteristic of the man. Whilst publishing this newspaper he strongly censured certain modes of transacting business practised by some of the merchants of Philadelphia. He handled the knaves in such a manner as to arouse their wrath, and calling a meeting among themselves, they waited upon the sturdy printer, demanding to know what he meant. "Here," said they, "we have been patronizing you, and this is our reward. You must change this course or we'll show you that the merchants are a power you cannot trifle with. Without our patronage where would you stand?"

"Gentlemen of the merchants' committee," replied the urbane printer, "I am, as you may see, very busy now, but call at my house this evening for dinner, and we will consider the matter in a friendly manner." The committee congratulated themselves that they were evidently "one too many" for Ben, and were at his house at the hour appointed. To their surprise they found nothing on the table but mush and a large pitcher of milk. The gentlemen of the committee could not touch such coarse food, so had to watch the healthy printer make a hearty meal. Having finished, he rose from the table and said: "Now, gentlemen, he who can live comfortably on such food, can live without your patronage. I shall cease to attack your practices when you cease to practice them, not before. Gentlemen, good night."

It is said that for many a year the Philadelphia merchants were better and more honest owing to this incident.

Franklin soon after this received the appointment of printer to the House of Assembly, and, in 1736 was elected its clerk. Next he was chosen one of the Common Council, then Alderman and afterwards Representative in the Assembly.

In the year 1746 Franklin's attention was drawn to the study of electricity, which led to the discovery of the identity of this fluid with lightning. Being convinced that the two were identical he took steps to prove it. At first he thought he might make some experiments from a high steeple, or spire, but there was no such thing in the city. One day while meditating upon the theme, he observed a little boy watching the movements of his kite far up in the sky. In an instant the idea struck him that here was a method of reaching the clouds. He at once constructed a kite of silk, and awaited the next thunder storm. This was in June, 1752. At the first signs of a storm, he went into the fields and raised his kite. To the lower end of the string he fastened a key, and insulated it by attaching it to a post with silk threads. After some time, he observed, to his joy, some loose ends of the hempen strings rise and stand erect, a sign of the presence of electricity. He offered his knuckles to the key and drew forth a spark, which demonstrated to him the identity of lightning and electricity. As the rain increased and the string became a better conductor, the key gave out copious streams of electricity. His discovery was at first ridiculed and denounced by many. His paper on the subject to the English Royal Society was read amidst derisive laughter; but the members shortly after reconsidered the matter and made the best amends they could by electing him a member of their honorable body and presenting him with a medal.

We have not time now to follow Franklin through the riper

years of his life, nor recount in detail the story of his wisdom and his patriotism during the trying years of the great revolution. While Washington was fighting his country's battles at home, Franklin was abroad securing funds, negotiating treaties, obtaining loans, and doing all possible for man to do to advance the cause of American Independence. In 1783, he had the gratification of signing the Treaty of Peace between this country and Great Britain, he having been appointed a commissioner for that purpose. On the 17th of April, 1790, this remarkable man passed away from this world full of years and honors, a striking example of what diligence, integrity, energy and courage will accomplish in advancing the fortunes of their possessor.

Original Poetry.

SONG OF A MAY PARTY.

TUNE, "Annie Laura."

Dear Utah's scenes are cheery,
When happy children bring
A sweet and smiling welcome
To greet the light of spring;
And merry lambskin's play,
And birdlings bright and gay,
Nature's free, unburdened creatures,
Hail the "bonny" first of May.

Now youths and maidens mingle,
And guileless hearts are stir'd,
With pure and tender feelings,
Untold by glance or word;
Yet some must needs betray,
In kind and modest way,
Cherished hopes too dear to prison,
On the bonny first of May.

Oh! will fancy in the future
Look on these goodly scenes,
And in memory will be present,
Young knights and gentle queens,
And fervently we'll pray,
Not one be led astray,
But each life be calm and lovely,
And as pure as bonny May.

LULA.

Whatever work we have to do,
Should never be delayed;
Because the same excuses, too,
To-morrow will be made.

There is nothing so beneficially educating to a young man as the companionship of sisters. They laugh him out of those little awkwardnesses of manner which otherwise might become habitual. They refine him unconsciously in all matters of taste and politeness.

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